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THE EYE OPENER

GREAT BARGAIN IN PIANO PLAYER.

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EYE OPENERS

R. C. EDWARDS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription price, $1.00 a year.

Happy New Year!

• • •

That speck you see moving along the horizon is the water wagon.

• • •

Some men with good intentions but weak nerve will note with joy that 1908 is a leap year.

• • •

This is the age of exposure of lofty political fourflushers. Some are exposed and put out of business for corruption and graft; others for grossly immoral conduct.

The curious thing about it, is that all the good done in this direction has been accomplished by comparatively obscure newspapers, such as the Fredericton Gleaner and the Eye Opener. Of the larger papers, half of them are straight government organs which pursue a policy of truth-suppression for the sake of the party, while the other half have not the nerve to open their mouths in patriotic protest against facts and conditions, which in their relation to Canada as a Christian country, create a murky atmosphere of disgrace.

• • •

The moral derelicts who hold high office under the government have adopted a new plan of procedure to fool the public after an exposure has been sprung on them. They make the grand stand play of bringing a libel suit. Emmerson did it, with disastrous consequences to himself. Frederick Borden also did it, and, oddly enough, got away with it. The success of Borden's bluff on this occasion was due to the fact that the editor of the Nineteenth Century, not being familiar with Canadian goings-on, did not know for sure whether Hamilton Fyfe, the writer of the alleged libelious article, was in the right or in the wrong. When the suit was brought, Fyfe was away in Egypt writing special articles for the London Daily Mail and was not around to tell Sir James Knowles all the spicy things he had heard while in Canada about the minister of militia. The easiest way out of the quandary was for him to make a graceful apology. And he made it.

• • •

However, the people of Ottawa, Toronto and Halifax know far worse tales about F. Borden than the rather trivial one which appeared in the Nineteenth Century. Every member of the government and every member of parliament know all about these easily-authenticated stories and talk about them freely at the club; but, for some reason, they dare not open their mouths. They certainly are not particular about the company they keep. Or can it be that they are just as bad themselves? This last question is what the public is beginning to ask itself.

• • •

The latest big government official to sue for libel is Girouard, registrar of Yukon territory. Read the following. It explains itself.

A writ has been filed in the territorial court in which Joseph Ena Girouard, registrar of Yukon territory, as plaintiff, sets out a statement of claim for $5,000 damages from Rev. John Pringle of Dawson because of a letter alleged to have been written by the defendant about the plaintiff.

A copy of the writ was served on Black and Black, solicitors for Rev. Pringle.

The letter in question, it is set out in the writ, was written by Pringle to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Frank Oliver under date of July 31, 1907, alleging that Girouard lived in open fornication in Dawson.

The writ, as filed, states F. T. Congdon as solicitor for the plaintiff. The writ in full follows:

In the Territorial Court of the Yukon Territory, between Joseph Ena Girouard, Plaintiff, and John Pringle, Defendant. Statement of claim.

1. That plaintiff is and has been for many years past registrar of the Yukon Land Registration District, residing at Dawson, in the Yukon Territory, and is a married man and has a family of five children.

2. The defendant is a clergyman and politician residing at the same place.

3. The defendant in a letter in duplicate written and sent by him to the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, and the Honorable Frank Oliver, minister of the interior of Canada, and dated the 31st day of July, 1907 falsely and maliciously wrote and published of the plaintiff the words following, that is to say:

"I would again and for the last time call your attention to the drunkenness and lust in official circles here, which are the open scandal of this city and territory. Mr. Girouard, meaning the plaintiff, lives in open fornication with his female partner in the scandal of 1904," meaning that plaintiff on the 31st day of July, 1907, and immediately previous thereto for some time, was and had been living in open fornication with a woman other than his wife and that this fact was the open scandal of the city of Dawson and of the Yukon territory.

The plaintiff claims $5,000 damages.

Delivered at Dawson, in the Yukon territory, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1907.

FRED T. CONGDON,
Solicitor for Plaintiff.

• • •

We will challenge Girouard to bring a similar suit against the Eye Opener, by stating in these columns right now that every word the Rev. John Pringle says about him in the letter complained of is true. His female partner in Dawson was the notorious French Marie. Though Mr. Pringle probably did not mention this, that was the lady's name.

• • •

We may as well give the facts which Mr. Pringle, as a clergyman, hesitated to put into writing.

The first scandal in which Girouard was mixed up occurred in connection with the election at which Dr. Thompson was returned Conservative member for the Yukon. Heaven and earth was moved to defeat Thompson. There were no voters' lists in that country at the time, but a voters' list was prepared for the occasion by a bunch of Grit enumerators.

It was a fine voters' list. Hundreds of Conservatives were left off. Even the old-timer, Macdonald, known as King of the Klondyke, was deprived of his vote.

• • •

To comply with the law, it was necessary to post the voters' list in conspicuous parts of the town for the information of the voting public. The way Girouard and his gang complied with this law was so very slick that the temper of the Dawsonites simply could not stand for it at all.

Girouard posted the voters' list on the wall inside the little post office at 11 o'clock p. m. and took it down again an hour later at midnight.

By this smart piece of business he fancied he was fulfilling the technicalities of the law.

Misguided brute!

• • •

The next day the men of Dawson wanted to know about this voters' list. They desired to see it, as was their right, and they had to have it. Murmurs filled the air and a crowd of two or three hundred men got together and marched to the registrar's office to demand the list.

But the registrar was not in his office. (This would be about the middle of the day or early in the afternoon.) Where was he keeping himself?

A man in the crowd shouted, "I guess he's at French Marie's. Let us go and see!"

So to French Marie's, on the outskirts of Dawson, marched this band of angry men.

• • •

A group detached themselves from the main party and went up to Marie's door and knocked.

"Is Girouard here?" they asked.

"No, he ain't!" snapped the lady, who had a chain on the door.

"Well, if you don't open up we'll bust in the door and see whether he is or not," was the reply.

At this moment a shout arose.

"There he is! There he goes!"

• • •

Sure enough, from out the back door of French Marie's rushed Girouard, registrar of the Yukon territory, attired in the scantiest of garb—and gentle reader, it was bitterly cold, far down below zero. Think of the plight of the poor man! Too bad to bother him under the circumstances, wasn't it?

• • •

So great was Girouard's haste and such was his terror that he had not fixed his braces. His coat was on all right (not his overcoat), but the braces were dangling down and as he sped along, pursued by the infuriated crowd, he held up his pants with one hand. Worthy representative of His Majesty's government.

We omitted to mention that when the crowd started to find this man they took a rope along, with a view to hanging him if the voters' list was not forthcoming.

• • •

So here is the spectacle. The Dominion government's registrar of the Yukon territory fleeing from a French prostitute's cabin, partially dressed and pursued by a mob with a rope ready to lynch him!

The "mob" was composed of business and professional men, miners and reputable citizens of various occupations. It was no hoodlum crowd, bear in mind.

• • •

To go on with the story,—the pursuers quickly overtook Girouard, but purposely remained a few yards in the rear swinging the rope threateningly, so as to shoo him into town through the residential quarter. He ran like a deer right past the homes of Dawson's elite, holding up his panties, his braces flapping at every jump—and, let us remind you—it was the middle of the day!

• • •

When right in the centre of the city they nailed him, but on his begging for mercy they allowed him to enter his house and put on a much-needed change of clothing. As soon as he had made himself decent (and thrown a few jolts under his belt, no doubt) he lost no time in handing over the voters' list.

• • •

The reason for its suppression was obvious the moment the Conservatives clapped eyes on it. About one-third of them were disfranchised.

• • •

The Eye Opener can prove every word of this and defies Girouard, or any friend of Girouard's, to take action. There are prominent gentlemen in both Edmonton and Calgary who beheld with their own eyes this disgraceful scene. In fact, in Calgary there resides a very prominent business man who actually was one of the crowd that routed him out of French Marie's shack on this occasion.

• • •

Now bring on your libel suit.

• • •

As for Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Frank Oliver, to whom the Rev. John Pringle addressed the letter upon which the libel suit is founded, let them ask Dr. Thompson, M. P., for the Yukon, whether it is true or not.

Or, better still, let some Conservative member get up in the House of Commons and put the question direct to the government. If the government ventures a denial on behalf of its Yukon pet, an investigation should be demanded at once. Dr. Thompson then can testify without prejudice.

• • •

Sir Wilfrid may prate all he likes about being strongly in favor of clean men and clean government, but the public will have grave cause for doubting his sincerity if he persists in protecting and keeping in positions of trust and responsibility certain scallyways who would be considered tough and objectionable propositions even in South Clark Street, Chicago.

• • •

The Laurier government is sound as a dollar. All it needs is the removal of some of the alloy and base metal.

• • •

It is quite possible that Girouard has been ordered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier either to take action against Mr. Pringle and disprove the charges, or resign. This is what is supposed to have happened in the Emmerson and F. Borden affairs. Should this be the case, then the foxy Girouard is safe until spring, because it is not likely that the case will come on for trial before April. This is the vacation season in the Yukon courts. In the meantime Girouard had better be hunting another job.

• • •

The best joke of all in connection with this affair is Fred T. Congdon bobbing up as Girouard's solicitor! This is very amusing to those who know Congdon.

It is to laugh.

• • •

The Laurier government has done more things to be proud of and more things to be thoroughly ashamed of than any government we ever heard tell of. It is the queerest kind of a mixture of good and evil, but immeasurably better than it was two or three years ago. Graft has stopped, anyhow.

• • •

Among the things there is money in are the banks. This is comforting and reassuring. We may not be able to get it out, but, on returning from the Ditch, we can always take visitors around and show them the place.

• • •

The editor of this paper has just sent over a consignment of warm bricks for the cold feet of the editor of the Nineteenth Century. He needs them in his business.

• • •

Here is one on Joe Clark, editor of Saturday Night, who paid a pleasant visit to Calgary last summer and made a host of friends. The incident is true in practically every particular.

About five o'clock one morning Mr. Clark started with a small party in an automobile to visit some point out in the country. Hanged if we don't believe it was the Ditch. Now we come to think of it, it was the Ditch, and the surrounding country which he was desirous of sizing up.

The party got off to a good start, the sun having barely risen. Right merrily they whizzed across the Langevin Bridge and along the bonny banks of the Bow. Rounding the bend at the top of the hill Mr. Clark's gaze rested on the Smart Set Colony.

"Why, this is quite a village!" he exclaimed.

"Ain't it, though!" responded a member of the party.

Then everybody, except Mr. Clark, laughed heartily. A little further on, just before you reach the C. & E. track, the auto broke down. While the chauffeur got busy tinkering the machine, Mr. Clark was proffered a drink of the real stuff.

"No, no!" cried he of Saturday Night. "Surrounded as we are by this pastoral scene, there is only one thing to drink and that is milk."

"Milk!" exclaimed the others in horror.

"That is the only beverage, gentlemen, which is appropriate to the hour and the bracing morning air. Behold the sun rising in the plenitude of its magnificence and the birds chirping on those genial telegraph poles. As Wordsworth aptly put it in his Ode to a Lark——"

"Say," interrupted one of the party, pointing to a little cottage close by, "if it's milk you want, there's a dairy right over there. I see a light in the window,—by George, they're up early!"

"They have to get up early to milk the cows, ogle, the lark. "You city folk don't understand these things. I was raised on a farm. Now I'll just step over there and have a draught of fine fresh milk. Watch my smoke."

The great editor stalked up to the house and turned the little tinkler on the door. In about five seconds the door opened and a Japanese lady, fantastically arrayed in a gorgeous kimona, stood before him.

"Ah," stammered Saturday Night, "I would be greatly obliged for a glass of milk, my dear madam."

The Japanese lady laughed rather freely and explained that they had no milk on the premises.

"Japanese no use milk in tea," said she.

"Oh, they don't eh?"

"But come in and have a pint of wine," suggested the lady, with empressement.

"Not today, thank you very kindly. Good morning!"

"Goo' bye! Call again," said the lady from Yokohama.

When Mr. Clark got back to the auto, which by this time was all fixed, he waxed enthusiastic.

"Great country—great country!" he exclaimed. "This is indeed the land of plenty. You ask people for milk and they offer you champagne! Most hospitable, mos' hosp'tble! Say, do any of you fellows want to buy a newspaper?"

• • •

The motion made by somebody in the House of Commons recently to abolish the senate, ended in a fizzle, much to everybody's disappointment. Visitors from the west, also, who expected to see Sir Wilfrid Laurier turn a crank or touch a button and cause the world to revolve the other way for variety's sake, were even more disappointed. But no doubt they all got drunk at the Russell House to make up for it.

• • •

Oh, yes, yes, and now the members of the Alberta Beef Commission are making recommendations to the provincial government to the effect that they be sent over to England to investigate conditions on the other side. Lovely scheme this.

Fifteen dollars a day and expenses for a trip over to the old country and back, with the people of Alberta paying the bill. They must think we are a lot of chumps.

• • •

If the members of the Beef Commission wish to take a trip across the pond, let 'em go by all means. Nobody will give a damn as long as they pay their own expenses. By waiting till spring they will be able to take in the flat racing. Just now the racing is more of the steeplechasing variety and they might not like that. However, the pantomimes will run well on into February and the Empire and Alhambra are open all the time, as is also Picadilly Circus. Then the Beef Commission might also, while they are about it, step over to Paris and have the time of their lives at the Folies Bergeres and the Tivoli Vauxhall; after which they could pursue their rambles to Rome and hold an investigation to find out if there is a combine or understanding amongst the trade to control the price of papal bulls. But they had better pay for their own junkets. The people cannot afford to give them this jaunt the way things are at present.

• • •

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt is suing the Toronto Globe for damages. From what we can gather, the Globe's offence is one of booze majesty.

• • •

Now the bartenders breathe easier. But in a couple of weeks business will be as brisk as ever.

During the exciting period when Big Boy, the colored chef at the Victoria Hotel, was training for his fight with Adams, the boarders and guests at Tom and Fred's popular Maison de Chew had rather a rough time.

"Gimme some poached eggs, Kate," said Jim McCartney one morning to Irish Mollie.

"Say," said she in a very confidential manner, "couldn't you fill up on oatmeal this morning? You're too early. The chef ain't back from his ten mile jog yet and when he does get back he will have to be rubbed down."

"All right. Gimme any old thing."

With the regulars this was all right, for the regulars were intensely interested in the contest. But one day at lunch a fat old bald-headed travelling man sat down and ordered a nice steak, rare, with Lyonnaise potatoes.

"Would you mind waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, sir?"

"It won't take that long, will it?"

"It shouldn't,—but the chef and the second cook are having a work-out in the back yard and they usually go six rounds."

"What the——"

"Oh, it may not take that long, sir. The chef may put him out in the third or fourth round and then you'll get your little old steak right away."

With that she glided out of the dining room.

"See here—Hi! come back. I want something to eat right away. Where are all the waitresses?"

"Out in the back yard, I guess," remarked a sad-looking boarder, who was filling up on crackers.

"I'll see the proprietor at once!"

Out bustled the irate gentleman and confronted Fred, who was looking very thoughtful behind the bar, because no one had set 'em up for ten minutes.

"Are you the proprietor?"

"One of 'em," said Fred, cocking his head to one side, with a very wise look.

"Well, I can't get a bite to eat in the dining room owing to some complications between your chef and the second cook. It seems they are out in the back yard having some alterca—"

"Back yard? By George, they must be having a work-out. Come on and let's watch 'em. I've got——"

"But I want something to eat!"

"—I've got $25 up on Big Boy and I honestly think he can do the other feller. I do, for a fact. I'm not joshing,—honest Indian. He's got a hellofapunch. You ought to see him pounding steak."

"Don't you serve meals here at all?"

"Sure thing! Have a drink, old cockie, and we'll go back and have a look at 'em. If Big Boy gets in a haymaker on the other feller's jaw, it's all off. The second cook is rather light for him to be sure, but you ought to see the dishwasher. He's very shifty, very shifty. He has a match on himself with Young Dixon and I think he'll win out. I do for a fact.—honest Indian."

"And where is he, the dishwasher? Perhaps he might cook me that steak."

"Oh no, he's punching the bag down cellar just now and then he has to skip the rope for quarter of an hour. I couldn't possibly allow him to let up just now. The house has $50 on him. Say, old man, if you're so d——d hungry, have a glass of beer and some hot dog."

"Oh, very well, very well, just as you say. But this is a most extraordinary hotel, most 'straordinary!"

"You bet it is," said Fred, setting forth a glass of beer and rushing back through the house to see what progress his chef was making in his work-out with the second cook. In a few minutes he returned, his face beaming with satisfaction, and announced to the gentleman, who was devouring hot dog and gulping beer at a great rate, that Big Boy's wind showed a decided improvement.

"I've just sent him out for a fifteen mile spin with his trainer. I'm taking no chances."

"But what about the guests in the dining room? Don't they ever get anything to eat?"

"Say," said Fred, leaning over the bar and regarding the gentleman with a pained expression, "you make me tired. You do, for a fact."

• • •

If ever there was an argument against government ownership of railways it is the announcement that Emmerson, who was recently fired out of the cabinet for 'immoral' practices, is likely to receive the appointment of general manager of the Intercolonial Railway.

This is the limit.

• • •

If the I. C. R. is to be made a haven of refuge for discredited politicians, the sooner it is sold off by auction to a private company the better it will be for Canada and for the public who built the road.

Husband, arriving home and entering drawing-room unexpectedly, was astonished to find a stranger by his wife's side at the piano.

"Don't you remember me?" said the stranger to the astonished master of the house. "I am Jackson—little Jackson, who used to do all your exercises at school for you."

"Very likely; but allow me to inform you that we are not at school now, my friend."

• • •

And now there is a petition being signed to have John Labatt, the blackmailer, liberated from jail. There are altogether too many of these petitions for clemency nowadays, especially in cases where the convicted man has plenty of influential friends. There can be no possible excuse for releasing this man Labatt or reducing his sentence. The very ingenuity he displayed in getting blackmail money from victims showed him to be a cold-blooded, dangerous criminal, and he is not by any means a proper subject for sympathy.

• • •

There is something confoundedly mysterious about that Ottawa atmosphere. It seems to breed scandals galore. Labatt was a very prominent business man of Ottawa and got badly mixed up on the market. In other words he was a singed cat and HAD to have money. He, like any number of other chaps in the capital, knew all the details of a number of scandals involving some pretty big fish. He began systematically to apply his knowledge and the coin was rolling in when the Emmerson case came up. Of course that old duck had been harrassed too much to be annoyed by anything extra that Labatt could reveal and had him thrown into jail. Emmerson has our admiration for this, if for nothing else.

• • •

A weekly contemporary in its last issue came out with the statement that Sherman's band, which plays from the top of an omnibus perambulating through the streets to advertise the roller rink, had learned another tune, thus making two tunes in all. This is a wanton slur on this magnificent band. Perhaps our measly contemporary is not aware that they have been studying a well known air from Hiawatha for the last three weeks and have now three tunes in their repertoire. It is true that they all sound alike, but anyone who sets himself up for a musical critic, like our wild-eyed contemporary, should be able to tell the difference. The editor of the Chinook knows as much about high class music as a sick cat. If he had put in his younger days studying music in Leipsic or Weimar, instead of running other people's horses off the range in northern Montana, he might be in a position to write a musical critique upon the exquisite performances of Sherman's band. He may know all about altering brands, but he knows d—d little about motifs, timbre, double-stops and double-entendres. Sherman's band is an achievement. It should be pushed along. We are pleased to state that the musician who fell off the top of the omnibus last Wednesday during one of the more florid passages of their first, or original, tune, and injured his hip, is now convalescent and will be in his accustomed place today (Saturday).

• • •

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, on being interviewed after the appearance of that article in The Globe charging him with being on a big drunk a couple of years ago in Stratford, had the cheek to get the following chunk of bile off his stomach:

"The Globe this morning has placed itself on a level with The Calgary Eye Opener, with the exception that The Eye Opener never contains any article except those concerning The Globe's friends."

Now, what did we ever do to Nesbit?

Of course, Dr. Nesbitt like all the rest of 'em, has sued The Globe for libel. This libel business is becoming quite a fad.

• • •

What is all this talk of the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba combining and giving a ten year contract for school books to an eastern firm? In spite of the published reports of the conferences of Premiers Rutherford, Scott and Roblin down at Winnipeg with an agent of Morang & Co., of Toronto, looking to a combination of this sort, we don't credit the stories. Just imagine these three provinces sending to Toronto a ten year contract for several hundred tons of school books, involving an outlay of **more than a million dollars**, when there are so many fine printing establishments in Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg which would be able to turn out this work under the same contract.

• • •

Of course there are perhaps no publishing houses in the west capable of doing this work immediately, under present conditions, but with a ten year contract for all the school books which these three provinces will use in that time there are a dozen good, responsible printing houses between the lakes and the mountains which would be able to install additional plants to handle this fine piece of business.

• • •

The conference of the representatives of the provinces at Winnipeg with Morang & Co. a few weeks ago may or may not have been a serious proposition. It may have been merely preliminary negotiations, but in any event it is sufficient to give the western printers notice that they ought to take measures at once to prevent this big roll of cash being shipped to Toronto when it is needed so badly in the west. The Winnipeg Central Labor organization has already put the machinery in motion to nip the proposition in the bud, as it were, and has sent a strong delegation to Premier Roblin to protest against such a job.

We think we can promise that Premier Rutherford will not be a party to such an agreement, in any event. It is probably very good business from a point of economy, as well as convenience, that the three provinces should combine to secure a uniform school book; for the people are moving constantly between the prairie provinces, and to have the school children change their text books would be folly; but it would be a greater piece of folly

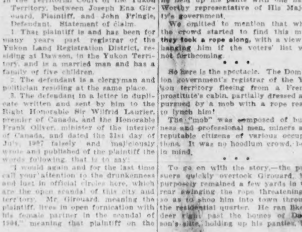
(Continued on Page 2.)

SIR WILFRID'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.



He Dreams that Santa Claus Brings Him Frederick Borden's Head on a Charger.

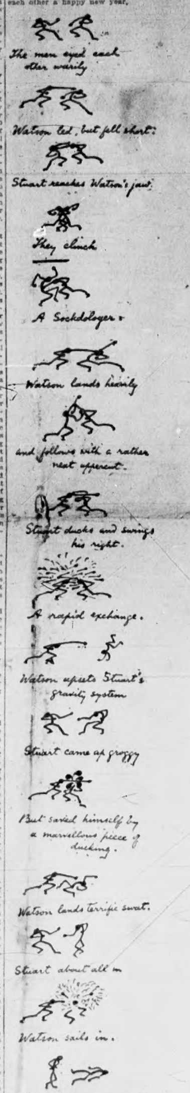
ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.



(Extract from Associated Press Interview with Mr. Lemieux at Tokio the Day of his Leaving for Home.)

"I Return With Nothing But the Most Pleasant Recollections."

Bloody contest between Alderman Watson and Alderman Stuart. Both men fought with the utmost ferocity, but shook hands afterwards and wished each other a happy new year.



I believe there is

Something Doing

Somewhere for every man who is willing to do it. I am ready all the time to show you around the new store, through the most complete Jewelry Factory in the West. Test your eyes and fit you with Spectacles or Eye Glasses; or sell you a marriage license.

L. H. DOLL

Diamond Importer, Calgary.



Calgary's Main Street at the Time of Visit of Lord Stanley, Governor-General.

EYE OPENERS.

(Continued From Page 1.)

to suggest for a moment that this ten years' contract should be handed over to a Toronto firm or any other firm that is not doing business in at least one of the three provinces whose money will foot the bills.

• • •

Moreover, this Morang & Co. were very prominent figures in the Publishers' Ring scandal which shook the Ross government to its foundation some ten years ago. This was a most unsavory scandal. The investigation proved that a small coterie of publishing firms had a combine, the double purpose of which was to exact an exorbitant figure for their work and to keep smaller concerns out. It appeared that the Ontario government had been worked to the limit by the combine.

• • •

For some reason, more or less mystery has surrounded this alleged deal and it ought to be worth the while of some of the daily papers which are supposed to guard the interests of the people of the west to turn a little light on to the subject. As usual, the Eye Opener is forced to blaze the way in a matter that strikes so directly at the pocket book of every tax payer in the west.

• • •

And now Clifford Sifton's press agents are busy announcing that he will not stand for re-election in Brandon or any other constituency. You bet he won't. He has stood for several seasons in too many other men's homes around Ottawa to be tolerated by the Brandon people. The voters of that constituency have been so regularly corrupted that they will scarcely resent the opening of any man's barrel on election day, but the decent element of the constituency, though they cut mighty little ice on election day, as a rule, have become too thoroughly aroused over the notorious conduct of their present parliamentary representative to be caught in the trap again. Bob Richardson or some other strong independent man of action can beat Sifton or any other man of that stripe who offers himself in Brandon.

• • •

My, my! Read this!

Mr. R. R. Gamey, being interviewed with regard to certain aspersions on himself, said:

"Did I notice the Globe editorial this morning on myself? Yes, I read the article in which they term me the 'White Flower Gentleman,' and wonder at Tories throwing bouquets at me. Of course, I can quite understand the reverend editor not desiring my company, and I also understand his desiring rather white flower Liberals, like Mr. Emmerson, Mr. Hyman and Sir F. Borden. They would naturally be better company for him; in fact, I fancy him preparing his sermons for both the Church and the Globe, from the Calgary Eye Opener on Sifton.

"When he is tired of that kind of Liberal white flowers, he can turn to O'Gorman, Reid and Co.' and get choice specimens. Then he might drop the bible study for a minute and read the history of the North Atlantic Trading Co., it would be such a nice kind of a venture for the church to go into to raise the money needed for the latest missionary movement. Then the Blairmore townsite deal should be worked in where the government received from a Liberal politician $480, less costs of $2,100 for a $260,000 townsite."

• • •

The above is but a brief portion of the interview. Poor Mr. Bloody Globe Macdonald seems to be catching it all round. Well, if he will persist in capering about in the robes of a messiah, he cannot blame mischievous sceptics for occasionally tearing them asunder and exposing to public view the rot and canker of a purchasable preacher. How much is it,—$50 per?

• • •

If ever Mr. B. G. Macdonald gets fired from the Globe (for denouncing the devil from the pulpit, for example, thus coming the double-cross on his employers) he should be able to make out a comfortable income as a con man on board any of the big ocean liners. His smug ways are a bread-winning asset all right. On the boats coming this way from England he could preach in the saloon to the cabin passengers on the Sunday; play the role of a paragon of earthly excellencies on the other days, by quoting poetry and betraying other misleading virtues; make himself solid with one or two elderly Englishmen of wealth by leaning over the taffrail and reciting,

'Once swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,'—

and rot of a similar nature, and finally, on landing, steer them to Toronto and run them up against Sir Henry Pellatt and a few other charming gentlemen who need the money.

B. G. is trained to the minute for this sort of thing.

• • •

We are glad to see that Cappie Smart is enforcing the fire escape ordinance on buildings in this town. The Cameron block needs one badly, as does also the Glanville block. There is no means of escape at all in case of fire in the Glanville block, what with its crooked stairs and zig-zag halls, no fire escape behind or in front, on the side or on the half shell. Go to 'em Cappie. Human lives come first.

• • •

Today is January 4. In the stilly night can you hear an occasional passenger falling kerplunk off the water wagon?

• • •

Pat on his way home from work discovered a basket of eggs in front of a store. Seeing no one around, he swiped them and proceeded on his way. Passing the church, he thought of confession. So he went inside, first covering the eggs with a cloth and leaving the basket in the porch.

When he had confessed, the priest said:

"Pat, this is very wrong. Where did you leave the basket?"

"In the porch."

"Now, Pat, you say 27 prayers before leaving your knees, as a penance."

Pat went ahead with his little old prayers until 27 had been said. In the meantime the priest had left the church and when Pat went for his eggs they were gone. He suspected the priest, but dared not say anything. So he went home minus the eggs.

A month or two later Pat was at confession, but this time he had a more serious crime to confess.

"Patrick, my son, you are indeed a dreadful sinner! What did you say the lady's name was?"

"I would rather not tell, your riv'rence."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't forgotten how you got next to my eggs."

• • •

There was considerable boozing in Calgary this Christmas. It was the reel thing.

• • •

Any intelligent person can find subjects on which to make good resolutions which would be appreciated by his friends.

• • •

The provincial attorney-general's department apparently labors under the impression that there is no Calgarian good enough to be offered any of the jobs within its gift. Why the office of registrar of land titles, with its agreeable little salary of $2,500, should be given to a gentleman who has not been quite a year in the province, (working the while in the attorney-general's office in Edmonton), is a matter of surprise to many. Mr. Hamilton, the new registrar, is said by those who know him, to be a first rate fellow; but there are quite a number of other first rate fellows, with equal qualifications, who have lived for years in Calgary and in other parts of Alberta, to whom this plum would have been most acceptable. The fact that Mr. Hamilton sat in the same class at college with Sydney Woods or played lacrosse with the attorney-general—we don't know if they did, but it would be something like that—should not cause the obliteration of the claims of men who have weathered the storm and stress of life in the west and made the path easy for the newcomers.

• • •

It looks to us as if, with the withdrawal of Van Wart from active politics, the local Liberal executive were going on the bum. No Calgary men are recognized when a job is open. The clerical department of the land titles office is simply swarming with recent Edmonton appointees. Whose business is it to look after the interests of Calgarians up at Edmonton?

• • •

Jan. 1: "No thanks, old man, no more booze in mine. I'm off it for good this time, that's straight."

Jan. 2: "No siree, not on your life. What? Not at all—I don't mind going in and having a cigar with you."

Jan. 3: "Yes, I've cut out whiskey altogether. It was getting the better of me. A man can't attend to business and drink whiskey, that's one thing sure. Fred, gimme some soda with a touch of John Bull bitters in it."

Jan. 4: "Aw well, I guess a little claret won't do me any harm. Got any good claret?"

Jan. 5: (Sunday. Safe so far.)

Jan. 6: "Fred, gimme a poney of beer—just a poney. I was eating some salt herring today, etc., etc."

Jan. 7: "Say, don't put so much froth on that beer. Now shove in a little gin and make a dog's nose of it. Here's how!"

Jan. 8: "And you call this seven-year-old, eh? It's the awfullest rotgut ever I swallowed. However, here's looking at you."

Jan. 9: (Morning)—"Make me a Collins." (Night)—"Say, thish temp'ransh bishnesh isshalldamnonsense, don't you think? What? Eh? Ain't that right? 'Course thasright. Lezzavanother and then we'll call a hack—we'll callahack—a'n't that right? Betyerlife thassright!"

• • •

Calgarians will soon be able to get a line on Billy Lauder's rank in the pugilistic world outside of Canada, where he is the champion lightweight, by watching the outcome of the approaching fight which is to be pulled off this month in San Francisco between Battling Nelson and Kid Scaler.

• • •

Kid Scaler fought two fiercely contested draws with Billy Lauder in Calgary last summer. We did not see the first one, but were present at their second meeting in the Auditorium rink. On this occasion, with the exception of one round, Lauder had all the best of it. In this one round, however, Scaler floored the Scotchman twice and there was but the twinkle of a star between Billy and dreamland. Had it not been for his ill luck in this particular round there is no doubt but that Referee Freddie Lowes would have had to give the decision in Billy's favor. All the other rounds were Billy's.

• • •

While the Calgary Conservatives are fumbling about in the dark, not knowing whether McCarthy is going to run again or not, Dr. Stewart is quietly moving around in the constituency and making hosts of friends by his agreeable personality. The doctor does not believe in the glad hand prior to an election (and the icy mitt after), but he holds the opinion that if he is going to ask people for their votes six months hence it is only fair to give those who are not already acquainted with him an opportunity to see for themselves what kind of a chap he is. This is surely an open, frank and honest course to pursue.

• • •

Before the Conservatives get started, Dr. Stewart will have such a lead that they will never catch him. As for McCarthy running again, we will bet a million dollars to the centrepiece of a doughnut that he don't. Or if the provincial attorney-general's department objects to betting—it objects to almost everything else—we will donate the sum of one million dollars to the isolation hospital in the event of his accepting the nomination. Of course, if Mac did run, he would win hands down. There would be nothing to it. But, dear friends, there is no McCarthy.

• • •

Between them the emperor of China and the viceroy of India govern more than half the population of the world. They do their work very quietly. Canada, with a population about the same as that of London (which is governed with no fuss whatever by a county council) is oppressed, harried and kept in a constant uproar by ten separate parliaments, ten cabinets, dozens of cabinet ministers, hundreds and hundreds of members and tens upon tens of thousands of government officials. After all their salaries have been paid there is comparatively little cash left over for other purposes. This is a great country—for government officials.

• • •

A school teacher sends this composition as a product of a recent competition between the little girls of a primary grade in public schools. The composition is entitled, "A Romance." "Once there was a poor young man who was in love with a rich girl, whose mother had a large candy store. The poor young man wanted to marry the candy lady's daughter, but he was too poor to buy furniture. One day a bad man offered him $25 to become a drunkerd. The poor young man was dreadfully tempted because he wanted to marry the candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon door with the bad man, he said, "I will not break my pledge, even to be rich. Get thee behind me, Satan." So he went home, and on his way found a pocket book with $100,000,000 in it. So he went and told the candy lady's daughter, and they were married. They had a swely wedding, and the next day they had twins. Thus we see that virtue is its own reward."

• • •

This from the Flaneur in the Mail and Empire:

"I wonder if Sir Frederick Borden occasionally finds time to "remember Dundonald." No doubt Lord Dundonald has remembered Borden a little lately, and as his Lordship takes an "Eyeopener" at his club appears not much displeased as he mutters something about the fellow who laughs last."

• • •

As regards the People's Shield, the Canadian Football Championship trophy, won by and now in possession of the Callies of Calgary, all we have to say is that our local boys will be the biggest kind of chumps if they allow themselves to be bulldozed into playing at the coast for its retention. Any team that wants to play for it must come here to Calgary. Possession is nine points of the law.

• • •

The Christmas number of the Edmonton Bulletin is the most complete and beautiful production of its kind we ever remember having seen. The subject-matter reads more like the intimate causerie of a group of old-timers than the linotyped narration of historical incidents connected with the city of Edmonton. Everything is brought up to date, however, and makes most fascinating reading. The general get-up of this special number, which is profusely illustrated, is beyond all praise. It beats anything of the kind that has appeared in Canada this year in the newspaper publishing line.

• • •

This man Murphy, whom we spoke of last issue as having ruined a girl in Calgary under promise of marriage, is in a great state of excitement about being exposed in these columns. He is at Vernon, B.C., and has been telling them there that it must be "another Jack Murphy" that is referred to in the Eye Opener. The Murphy we speak of is John C. Murphy, painter, and his present address is Coldstream Hotel, Vernon, B. C. The fingers of his right hand are burned off, the left side of his head and part of an ear being also burned. He is well marked for identification.

• • •

This Murphy, while busy ruining the Calgary girl, became engaged to a young Scotch girl who is at present working in the city. He has been writing her some very fervid love letters from Vernon, and secured the girl's promise to join him in that pretty little town, where, he says, the rooms in which they are to live in wedded bliss are all ready. Murphy "wouldn't do a thing" if he got her out there.

Incidentally, he promised the Scotch girl an automobile and the other girl a rubber-tired buggy. What chumps some girls are, to be sure!

• • •

Also incidentally, the smooth Murphy is a deadbeat. He jumped a $28 board bill on 13th Avenue, and a $38 board bill on 6th Avenue. The proprietor of the Coldstream hotel, who will receive a copy of this paper, had therefore better keep close cases on this rogue.

• • •

The many Wetaskiwin friends of the Right Rev. George H. Turner will rejoice to learn of his appointment to the bishopric of Hay Lakes. The new diocese extends right around the shores of Bittern Lake, thence west to Wetaskiwin and beyond as far as Pigeon Lake, north as far as Leduc and includes the Hay Lakes and most of the pot holes in that vicinity. The duck-shooting in Bishop Turner's diocese is excellent. The venerable bishop is a man of marked piety and rarely opens his mouth without making some reverential allusion to his maker. The appointment should put some ginger into the ecclesiastical situation up there.

• • •

It is dollars to doughnuts that the public of Japan honestly believe that the Pacific slope can gradually and imperceptibly be brought under Japanese sway and influence in the same way as Corea and Manchuria, by over-running our coast line with yellow men. Were the yellow men to become numerically stronger than the whites in British Columbia and "got nasty about it," what could the Dominion government do in the way of protecting that province? Did Japanese absorption of B. C. occur about the time Japan was asserting her supremacy in Asia and threatening India, England would sacrifice British Columbia in a holy minute as a stand-off—in the same manner as she has on more than one occasion sacrificed the interests of Canada to propitiate the United States and retain her friendship.

• • •

The British fleet is a protection that may be depended upon implicitly and blindly by British subjects, so long as such protection does not conflict with the interests of the empire as a whole. Better, therefore, keep the Japs at their distance for a while. They are smarter than the white people, and the white people know it. The roar we are making against the Japanese "invasion" is merely an admission of our own weakness—not necessarily physical weakness,—but it is an admission on the safe side.

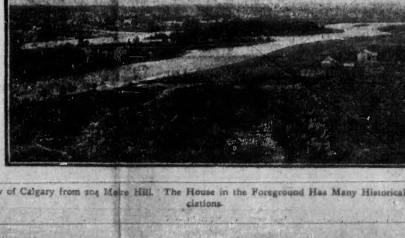
• • •

British Columbia wouldn't make any roar if a million ignorant, stupid, dirty Doukhobors, Galicians, Hungarians and Slavs were to pour into the country. Oh, no. Not at all. But they wont stand for an overwhelming influx of people smarter than themselves, with whom they might not be able to hold their own in the ordinary walks of life.

• • •

The other day the stage between Hamilton and Ancaster could not get through the snow banks and had to abandon its trip. Farmers going to the city had to unhook their teams, leave their rigs along the road, and return home on horseback. A number of newly arrived English immigrants came to Dundas to look for work and were, as a local paper states, "temporarily employed shovelling snow." If not that one hell of a climate,—and Calgary basking in the bright sun, the ground dry and a baseball game played in shirt sleeves on New Years day.

(Continued on Page 3.)



View of Calgary from 204 Moire Hill. The House in the Foreground Has Many Historical Associations.

SPONGES

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Are the delicious dishes prepared by Cronn for the delight and good digestion of the resident and visiting folk of Edmonton. It's not the food alone (always the choicest) nor yet the cooking, services, prices or surroundings—it's a happy admixture of all these desirable things that makes the Cronn Restaurant the most popular in town.

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Authorized Capital	Paid Up Capital.	Reserve Fund
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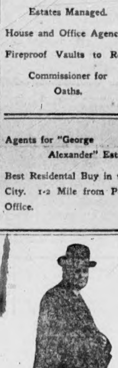
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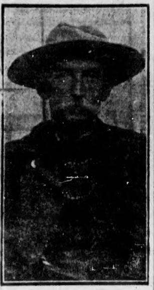
EYE OPENERS.

(Continued From Page 2.)

Knox Magee, of Tribune Trumps fame, has launched out on his own hook with a weekly to be known as the Winnipeg Saturday Post. Any paper that Magee has anything to do with is bound to be worth reading. Better subscribe to it and keep up with the times.

• • •

We tried to secure a photo of Magee for this number, to accompany these sparkling remarks, but were unable to do so. However, we have done the next best thing by publishing the cut of a man who looks not altogether unlike him. The picture is that of Bill Miner, the train robber, who recently escaped from New Westminster jail and on whose head there is a



big reward. In imagination cut thirty years of Miner's age or add thirty on to Magee's, perch a pair of pince-nez glasses on the nose, and there you have him. You might also substitute a bowler for the Stetson.

• • •

Magee, who is Canadian by birth, started newspaper work some twelve or fourteen years ago in the United States, writing for the Philadelphia Inquirer, and later for about half a dozen New York papers. For some time he was out of the field of daily journalism and devoted his energies to other forms of fiction, producing two novels and any quantity of short stories.

• • •

Later, Magee located in Toronto and—God forgive him!—wrote editorials for the Globe. From there he went to Saturday Night, where he remained for several years as managing editor and assistant to Sheppard in conducting his "Don" pages. His subsequent work on the Winnipeg Tribune is well known to all readers of Mr. R. L. Richardson's splendid independent daily. Over and above all of which Magee has been a prolific contributor of special articles to a number of publications both on this and the other side of the line. He is essentially a writer of the new school and an expert paragraphist. His new paper is liable to be a corker.

• • •

In the death of John Robson Cameron, the veteran editor of the Hamilton Spectator, Canadian newspaperdom loses one of the cleverest and most genial of its votaries.

Cameron was a printer by trade and often boasted that he never read a book through in his life. He worked on the Detroit Free Press and many other leading journals. He came west with Wolsley to assist in the suppression of the first Riel rebellion and at its close joined the staff of the Manitoba Free Press under J. K. Luxton.

When Winnipeg was a hamlet Cameron's witty references to men about town laid the foundation of the great Manitoba daily's popularity. Incidentally, it may be noted, that Cameron and Frank Oliver were fellow-employes of the Free Press at the time. John Robson Cameron climbed the newspaper ladder from the bottom rung to the top, knew the business from devil to editor-in-chief, and was perhaps the cleverest short paragraph commentator in the Dominion.

• • •

The provincial secretary's department in Ontario is worrying over the great number of marriages that are taking place at Windsor.

Ha!

The fact has been causing comment for years. Dr. Reaume, the present minister of public works in the Whitney government, before his party attained power used it as a campaign cry and introduced a bill in the legislature for its suppression.

One of the Ross government's chief supporters was an issuer of marriage licenses with an office right at the ferry landing. Of course the Ross government took no action. In due course, Dr. Reaume got to be a minister, but the marriages of the Michigan divorcees went merrily on. Why? A new license issuer was getting his political reward and a preacher supporter of Reaume's was doing most of the splicing. When a move was made to stop it he complained that he could not live on the contributions of his parishioners and "needed the money."

There seems no good reason why these divorced people who have "put off the old" should not "take on the new," under a Canadian marriage contract. They will live together anyway and they might as well do so legally, and incidentally add their quota to the revenue of the province and the income of the preacher.

Hoopla!

• • •

The provincial parliament will assemble at Edmonton on the 15th. This solitary annual attraction should draw the usual number of visitors to the capital, unless the novelty has worn off. Calgary sits serenely and by virtue of its manifold attractions smiles indulgently at this one event in the Uncle Tom-East Lynne beleaguered city up north. Dear Edmonton, will that hold you for a while? We are not sore. We do not need the parliament. There will be an occasional visitor straggling in without it. Have a drink on the House.

• • •

Has it ever occurred to you how very punk the monthly magazines are becoming? The average magazine you buy in the book store is only one of a dozen or so over which half a dozen authors are spreading themselves thin. There are too many stories in them written perfunctorily to order by men and women who have made their rep on perhaps one or two really good yarns. The names of these men and women serve as a lure to the reading public until their stuff gets too awful punk and then, and not till then, they are dropped.

• • •

These magazines announce the names of contributors and base their claims upon pretty nearly the same array of names. It makes little difference which magazine you get. There is Jack London, who was written out at least a year ago. Then there are Mary Stewart Cutting, James Connolly, Richard Harding Davis, Myra Kelly and Lincoln Steffens, to say nothing of the omnipresent writer of Recollections of Lincoln and the innumerable gentlemen who devote their energies to exposing Wall street at $25 a page. They are becoming very tiresome. Thank God Lawson has put the cork back in the inkbottle.

• • •

A portion of each magazine is set aside for the exploitation of actors and actresses, who pay so much to have their photographs inserted. In some cases more than one-third of the publication is straight advertising. There can be little doubt but that there is a general dissatisfaction on the part of the public in regard to the stuff dished up by hitherto popular magazines. The thoughtful are gradually losing the magazine habit and the fault lies with the publishers themselves. They are slowly but surely killing the goose that has been laying golden eggs for them so many years. Those articles by John La Farge on Masterpieces of Painting are enough to damn even the Midnapore Gazette and, God knows, that is bad enough.

• • •

Tennyson said of a strange literary coincidence: "A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote to me saying that in an unknown untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of mine almost word for word." Byron, in his monody on the death of Sheridan, where he says there will never be another Sheridan, the mold being broken up, employs, word for word, terms in which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, notwithstanding that Bryon could never have seen the document. Shakespeare's passage about love and lightning in "Romeo and Juliet" (i., 2, is almost identical with a quotation from "Malata and Madhava," an Indian poem by Bhavabuti, written nine centuries before, and not translated up to Shakespeare's time.

• • •

The rotten system of employing clerks among the banking systems of western Canada is pretty badly shown up down at Winnipeg over the suicide of Stanley Burton, the teller of the Bank of Montreal, a few days ago. Burton, an Ontario boy, who had been used to living in Kingston where thirty-five dollars per month buys all the comforts of a home was "promoted" to a job in the Bank of Montreal at Winnipeg six years ago. He did not know the difference in the expense of living in Winnipeg as compared to Kingston and no one told him. After six years of hard work, Burton had become one of the chief officials of the branch in that city and he was earning the enormous salary of $55 per month. Imagine a man living in Winnipeg, occupying the position of teller of one of the chief financial institutions of Canada and receiving but $55 per month!

• • •

To us it is not surprising that young Burton blew out his brains the other day, but rather that he had not chucked his job or killed himself many years ago. He must have been a real financier to hold 'er down and discharge his responsibilities as a society favorite for six years—and remember that he had only received $55 during the last year.

• • •

All over the west a bunch of very fine young men, some of them just a trifle sporty, are holding down these bank jobs at salaries that would make a hod carrier sniff. Occasionally one gets so deep in debt that he grabs a bunch and disappears. Of course these instances are kept as secret as possible by the bank people, for they don't care to have these facts discussed by the public. For instance, the public sentiment on this point was displayed a year ago at Medicine Hat when a young bank clerk was prosecuted for a shortage and acquitted. Of course the fact that Paddy Nolan defended the young chap may have had more to do with his acquittal than the public sentiment, but the feeling against the system of the banks is unquestionably very strong.

• • •

These boys are given to understand that their connection with the banks give them "social standing"—it does, too—though just what advantage that is to a poor rummy who must struggle along on a miserable pittance never has been very clear to us. The very social position the job carries with it argues increased expense of living, which the bank managements refuse to take into consideration. These boys handle millions of dollars monthly and are the worst paid people in the world. Of course there was a big sensation down at the Peg when poor Stanley Burton got tired of the game and blew out his brains in disgust. He was travelling the pace and evidently thought this solution better than taking a bunch of cash and taking a vacation in Europe. He was a man of excellent character.

• • •

Instead of all these fancy reforms of the political parties and public bodies, some of the public men of the country ought to give some attention to this sort of evil. These big banks are government institutions, doing business on government credit and the funds of the depositors.

• • •

Dominion Exhibition at Calgary, June 29 to July 9. This will be the greatest event the West has ever pulled off, for live stock, agricultural and industrial exhibits, horse-racing, special attractions and general excitement.

• • •

The George H. Summers Stock company have been receiving a hearty welcome back to Calgary from nightly crowded houses at the Lyric. They will play a return engagement of four weeks on their return from Edmonton. The company has been strengthened by the addition of a new leading man, Harry Waterhouse, who, in the correct sense of the expression, is a very fine actor. Miss Bella Stevenson also seems to be playing her roles better than ever, which is saying a good deal. As for the irrepressible George Summers himself, he will pardon us for handing him a jolt. We have been to the theatre three times during this engagement and seen three separate plays, and on each occasion, George—whom everybody had gone to see—was playing a minor part. This is not fair to his host of admirers. The company is putting on new plays almost every other night and no one knows what nights the star comedian is going to have a star part or an insignificant one. Luckily it happens that the various dramas are otherwise cleverly acted and there is really not much to kick about. At the same time, Mr. Summers should understand that people want to see him in such roles as the Jew in The Black Flag, the hero in A Prince of Tatters or in several other parts we might mention where he can turn himself loose. With all due deference to Miss Stevenson and Mr. Waterhouse, whose stage-work together is a distinct pleasure to watch, George Summers is the magnet that draws the big houses and he should put on plays that keep him on the stage more or less all the time.

What with specialties between the acts—rather good specialties, by the way,—and an assortment of excellent plays in their repertoire, the Summers company is putting up a remarkably strong line of entertainment this season.

• • •

Winnipeg can turn up more miserable scandals in a given time than any point outside of New York city. The latest is causing a hullabaloo among C. P. R. employees. It concerns a popular conductor down there who was mixed up with a girl, ruined her and saw her die in the maternity hospital last week in child birth. He did the best he could by paying all funeral expenses at Kerr's undertaking establishment and handing over a chunk of money to the sister of the victim who was threatening to kill him. In the meantime a lot of ministers met last week in Winnipeg and denounced the courts for the decision preventing spotting in the tenderloin and urging Mayor Ashdown to "stand firm in his holy work of keeping the scarlet woman from congregating in any given section of the city."

• • •

There is something inexpressibly funny about Dr. Chown, secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance at Toronto, receiving a letter from a Winnipeg minister complaining of the immoral character of the entertainment features of the exhibitions at Winnipeg, Brandon and other western points. He wrote that he had witnessed at a Brandon exhibition one barker for a side show telling a crowd of young men to walk into his show and "see the girls dance with dresses on, which weigh two pounds less than a straw hat." Of course this is enough to make a man who knows anything about a real exhibition side-show snicker, for the features put on down at Winnipeg and Brandon are about as tame as a church pink tea. It is a compliment to those shows to be told that they have put on something hot. That's what's the matter with them. There is "nothing doing" and everybody knows it.

• • •

It looks very much as if Bob Richardson and his Tribune are going to force Attorney General Campbell of Manitoba to prosecute the lumber combine down there. Of course, every one knows the old thing is squeezing the life out of business in Manitoba just as it was in Alberta before the suits were started at Edmonton, but for some reason the combine is prosecution-proof in Manitoba. The Tribune has published a photographed letter written to James Overand of Ninette, Man., signed by John Spencer, secretary of the Rainy River Lumber company, refusing specifically to sell him lumber because "we have received so many complaints from our customers in your locality, complaining that you are not a member of the association and we should not ship to you, that we have concluded we can't ship the cars you require," etc.

Richardson, in his Maclean-like crusade to force the government's hand, has printed this photographed letter with a volume of other pertinent information and dares the government to longer remain silent on the lumber trust question.

• • •

Bully for Richardson.

• • •

In the town of Klugenberg, Germany, taxes are unknown and this year $50 was paid to every citizen from the profits of the municipal brick works.

• • •

The unspeakable Cockshutt, M. P., threading the mazes of the financial situation, displays all the graceful agility of a prize steer in the crockery department.

• • •

We would like our readers to peruse the following remarkable letter addressed by John T. Leheney, chairman of the Alberta Executive committee, Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, to the Rev. J. G. Shearer. There is a world of truth in what Mr. Leheney says. It will pay you to read it.

If this letter looks too lengthy to tackle, commence reading at the paragraph marked 5. It will open your eyes to something you probably never thought of before.

(Continued on Page 4.)

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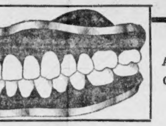
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Price $16.00 per acre. For terms, maps and photos, phone or write

G. E. GODDARD, Cochrane

EYE OPENERS.

(Continued From Page 3.)

Calgary, Nov. 25th, 1907.

Rev. J. G. Shearer,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear sir—Your kind letter of the 23rd ult. to hand this morning.

Intemperance is unquestionably one of the greatest difficulties which those who work in the interests of the laboring class have to encounter, inasmuch as it promotes indifference amongst the workers, robs them of the service of capable men, who were it not for the curse of alcoholism, would place at the disposal of labor, brilliant intellects and honest hearts; it also makes for resignation to otherwise intolerable conditions, saps the sturdiness of manhood and womanhood to such an extent as to compel the servile acceptance by the workers, as a matter of course, of unsanitary surroundings, and an invironment that fosters ignorance and furnishes a rich soil on which the social evils flourish luxuriantly.

That this is regrettable does not adequately express it,—I fear the English language, rich as it is, doesn't provide us with a word of sufficient strength. How are we going to remedy it? That is the question. And my dear sir, it is my honest opinion that notwithstanding your evidently sincere desire to promote human happiness, you have either overlooked or are unacquainted with the only remedy for this disgusting and deplorable phenomenon, which is in itself but the results of a preceding cause that must be removed before we succeed in abolishing the drink evil. This is, I think, where we are likely to disagree. I suggest as the only means of accomplishing this end the **socialization of industry** and the **total elimination of profit,** which you seem to have recognized to some extent as per sub par. "A" of "leaflet," but which you would transfer to the state for, from your viewpoint, very laudable purposes, viz., coffee and reading rooms. But you also appeal to the cupidity of the tax-payer when you advocate that a specified per centage of the profits be devoted to various public utilities, thereby expressing a willingness to acquiesce in the sacrifice of a fraction of our unfortunates and acknowledging that you have not found a remedy.

Permit me also, to point out that Sec. 6 is in direct violation of the intention set forth in sub. par. "A" and gives reasonable grounds for the suspicion, I might say, adds confirmatory evidence on your part to compromise in dealing with this curse, which merits only that we make unceasing war upon it and negotiate no truce.

Pope, I think in his "Essay on Man" says, "whatever is is right," and you are acquainted with the proverb that "Might is Right." Most persons are disposed to dispute the truth which these assertions convey, but even a superficial examination will convince us that they give expression to indisputable and self evident facts. That yours and my conception of right are opposed to their existence (saloons), but emphasizes the fact that "might is right" and our whole propaganda is directed in an effort to gain converts who will enlist under our banner and swell our numbers that we may be powerful (mighty) enough to establish our ideas as the standard of "right." Things exist too, only because they supply a need and are of benefit to some element in society. **Here it is very pertinent to ask "who is benefitted by the existence of the drink traffic?"** Candor compells us to emphatically assert that it is **not the working class** and forces us to assume that it **must be the capitalist class.** But this will be taken cum grano salis unless we can adduce some proof to substantiate it. Briefly we might enumerate some reasons as follows:

1. By attributing to him or herself indulgence in intoxicants as the sole cause of his or her periods of idleness, it prevents working class recognition of over stocked labor market conditions.

2. As a large percentage of workers are being constantly discharged on this account room is being made for others from the ranks of the unemployed thus obtaining temporary access to the means of life via a job. This phase of the liquor question suggests it in the light of a safety valve for capitalism.

3. Owing to the influence of the saloon there is always an element in our population who are on the ragged edge of starvation, and available in the interests of capitalist property, as strike breakers, gun men, etc.

4. There are men thoroughly conversant with working class needs who by this means are rendered incapable of using their talents in their own interests, or that of their class, and worse than that, they, often, too often, for the gratification of this passion, prostitute themselves to the service of their enemies.

5. Man, we must remember, is a social animal who instinctively courts the companionship of his fellows and desires to be the equal of them or aspires to the leadership. This instinct he seeks to gratify and it leads him into temptation. **When he is a working man, it spells his ruin.** For where can a working man indulge this craving? Not in the lawyer's office, nor in the study of the college professor, neither is he a welcome visitor at the banker's, the merchant's or the doctor's. The company of the priest or preacher he is welcome to enjoy on Sunday, at a distance, and then under such restraint that it does not satisfy. But where can he find the hand of welcome extended to him, where is he hailed as an equal, where is his opinion received with a deference that is flattering, where do his more unfortunate (inasmuch as they may be broke) follows today to him in the hope that they may be partakers of the hospitality he dispenses with a generous hand? In the saloon, my dear sir, in the saloon! I do not speak as an academic. Years of experience in the mining and smelter towns of the west—grist mill of capitalism—have shown me an existence where men are denied access to all those things that make life enjoyable, where those who take their lives in their hands to wrest the treasure from the rigid grasp of the mountains, were compelled to spend bunkhouse and the never-absent saloon. Who amongst all will not be charitable to the man who has toiled under these conditions (and they are the rule) when we see him in the city for a holiday, "going the route." He meets Tom, Dick or Harry or the three of them who have been over it before him and are "stony broke." They are in need and with generous impulse he proceeds, in recognition of many manly traits he has discerned in them, to provide for them now. In nine cases out of ten they adjourn to the nearest poor man's club (saloon) where our miner friend, who was hungering for a familiar face, drinks himself into a condition that places him financially on the waiting list of job seekers, ready to dispose of another fragment of his life energy to some member of the employing class, and to repeat the above proceeding on the occasion of his next holiday. This applies to lumber jacks and railroaders as well, in fact, more generally. The conditions under which these men toil and live are noxious, packed in over-crowded bunk-houses or tents, stowed away at night on shelves like pies in a pantry; no privacy, no provision for cleanliness, no home life, without refining environment, they are listed in the same category as cattle. Forced in on their arrival in town by the disdain, contempt and indifference of their superior (?) caste brothers, they find their way to the dens which capitalism has provided for them, where they are quickly separated from their scanty wages which finds its way from the saloon keeper to the banker who holds it for the convenience of the employing class. The saloon is an agency that enables the capitalist class to keep the workers at its mercy, therefore, capitalism protects the saloon. The capitalist class are in possession of the means of suppressing this evil, were it in their interest to do so. Looking at the liquor question from the view point of the working class, I must confess that I believe your proposed plan offers no solution for the problems that confront us, nor do I believe that the class instinct of the workers will admit of their supporting, generally, the restriction you would place on the traffic.

The question with which the workers have to grapple is the re-organization of industry so that we may have access to the means of life; in other words—a job. Anyone in touch with economic affairs knows full well that owing to concentration of capital, installment of machinery—the one virtue of which is the displacement of labor—there are more job seekers than opportunities for work (jobs). Now what the working man or woman must have is a job. They must have one periodically, or perish. Drink acts as a regulator. Had we universal temperance under the present system, what would happen? We would have a portion of the workers in possession of the jobs and holding fast by virtue of their sobriety, while the other portion, equally sober and industrious, would seek them with little chance of success. The evident result would be a wage competition that would be disastrous to the workers, for it is **the unemployed that regulate the wage scale,** and wages will be determined by the pressure brought upon them, which under such circumstances you will endeavor to estimate for yourself.

I am of the opinion that many men with whom I am in touch would assist zealously in furthering your proposed reform, but for myself, I am fully convinced of the inefficiency or reformatory measures that deal with effects and leave untouched the causes. I attribute, rightly or wrongly, the drink evil to the existing social system. I stand for its abolition and will work to that end in the only organization that offers a solution—the Socialist Party of Canada. With best wishes I remain, Yours very respectfully,

JOHN F. LEHENEY.

Chairman Alberta Executive Committee, Dominion Trades and Labor Congress.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Sittings of the District Court of Alberta

There will be sittings of the District Courts of Alberta, for the trial of actions and any other civil business which may properly be brought before the said courts, at the following times and places:—

District Court of Edmonton:

At Edmonton, beginning the third Tuesday in January, 1908.

District Court of Calgary:

At Calgary, beginning the third Tuesday in January, 1908.

At Medicine Hat beginning the second Tuesday in February, 1908.

District Court of Wetaskiwin.

At Wetaskiwin beginning the third Tuesday in January, 1908.

At Red Deer beginning the first Tuesday in February, 1908.

District Court of Macleod.

At Macleod beginning the third Tuesday in January, 1908.

District Court of Lethbridge.

At Lethbridge, beginning the third Tuesday in January, 1908.

Dated at Edmonton this 24th day of December, A.D., 1907.

S. B. WOODS,
Deputy Attorney General.



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HUGE DEFICIT STARES GERMANY IN THE FACE

Imperial Chancellor is Sorely Pressed For Means to Raise Money

Berlin, Jan. 1.—Recent days have afforded a good example of the complex nature of the office of the German Imperial chancellor. Director of the foreign policy of the empire, Imperial premier and Prussian prime minister, his post in the smoothest of times can never be a sinecure. At the present moment, the Imperial budget shows a vast deficit, money is tight all over the world, and the price of food is steadily rising. In the Reichstag the chancellor's skilful jugling has secured for him the national majority he requires for obtaining the enormous sums demanded to build up the navy, but whence are the funds to be derived? The Federal Council has declared absolutely against direct taxation. Baron von Stengel, the secretary of the Imperial Treasury, quoting the United States as an example of a land where indirect taxation was given the preference over direct. The unfortunate minister had no means of knowing that in the president's message the introduction of death duties and an income tax would be advocated, but the reference was unfortunate, and doubtless will afford matter for some of that caustic criticism which is the ever ready weapon of critics of the budget.

The National Liberals and Radicals the most important factors of the governmental "bloc", refuse to hear of the workingman being made to bear the burden of the navy, and champion the introduction of duties on property above a certain (for German ideas) high value and a tax on dividends. Money must be raised somehow, but the government's recent experiments in this direction have not met with conspicuous success. The ridiculously impractical and reactionary duty on railway tickets met with the failure all such obstacles to traffic deserve, while the increase of the postage on the local postcard—city tariff—has practically killed that very popular form of business communication.

The total indebtedness of the empire now amounts to four thousand million marks, and since 1900, when the navy programme was last fixed, no less than 1440 millions of marks have been borrowed. The deficit in next year's estimates amounts to a total of nearly a hundred million marks.

Introduction of Monopolies.

The government has not yet shown its hand regarding the means with which it proposes to cover this enormous deficit, but it is certain that much is anticipated from the introduction of monopolies. From an alcohol monopoly it is hoped to clear 80 million marks after the distilleries have been compensated, but that will mean a rise in the price of the raw spirit, which will, of course, be reflected in the price to the consumer of the refined article. In view of the high price of living which at present is the source of much suffering and general complaint in Germany, it looks as if this method of raising money would not commend itself to the Reichstag. The unanimous rejection by public opinion of the ballon d'essai, which has been launched to test the state of public opinion with regard to an Imperial monopoly of electricity, ought to suffice to nip that project in the bud. The navy and military estimates are unprecedented in their demands, and the interior budget is also very heavy. In the latter the proposed improvement of the Kiel Canal, in accordance with the increase in the size of modern warships, is a mute witness to Germany's determination to modernize her fighting fleet.

The Prussian finances are in an equally bad way. Here, too, there is a large deficit as the result of a considerable increase in railway expenditure. As the railway reserves fund has already been drawn on, these requirements will have to be met by the issue of a loan. The estimates are further charged with an additional sum of over 100,000,000 marks yearly for improving the pay of state officials on whom the increased cost of living has fallen heaviest.

The Polish Bill

But the largest demand is presented in the Polish Bill, the latest governmental instrument in the race struggle against Germany's turbulent Slav subjects. The amount asked for is no less than 350,000,000 marks, to be used by the colonization committee for buying up from Polish owners estates upon which to settle German families. The bill proposes to grant authority to the committee to expropriate the state owners who refuse to sell, a drastic measure which has already caused an upheaval in the Polish communities throughout Europe. This policy aims at checking the gradual but unabating Polonization of east and west Prussia. An extremely prolific race, holding fast together by the ardor of their patriotism and century-old national spirit, the Prussian Poles have for generations waged incessant warfare on their German suzerains.

In Posen Konigsberg, Thorn, there are Polish shops and Prussian shops At the former the Poles are the exclusive customers, the German element of the population—the state and legal officials, the officers of the garrisons, and the Lutheran clergy—support the latter. A Pole of note who would buy at a Prussian shop would be denounced as a traitor, his friends would cut him, and he would, if a case were made out against him, be thrust out of his particular "Sokol-Verein," as are called the gymnastic clubs, under the mask of which the Poles pursue their national propaganda.

Appeals to the patriotism of the German population have been of little use. The Polish landowners are rich; they have sought to buy up every German estate in the market, so that as much land as possible may remain in their hands. These Polish aristocrats are a strong race—they live in proud retreat in their mouldering old chateaux, speaking French among themselves and Polish with the hordes of servants who—a relic of the old feudal system—live, marry, and die on their lords' estates. The differences, national and religious, between the children of the soil and the Prussian invaders seem insuperable. Faults there are on both sides but it is safe to predict that peace will never be restored until the government recognizes that a civilized, independent people cannot be ruled by police methods, and that firm-handed liberalism is a vastly superior weapon to blind bureaucracy.

School Strike Continues

For the past two years this unhappy land has been rent by the "school strike." In a more than usually reactionary frame of mind the government decided that religious instruction in the schools was to be given in German. A more provocative act could not have suggested itself. In the first place, is gave the clergy, who, as in Ireland, are the guides, philosophers, and friends of the Polish peasants, a heaven-sent weapon for conducting anti-Prussian propoganda under the guise of the defence of the Catholic religion; it more closely allied the ultramontane party in Germany with the Poles and it goaded the hot-tempered Poles themselves to desperation when they saw their little children flogged for refusing to say the Lord's Prayer in German.

Early in the week it fell to Prince Bulow's lot to justify the new bill before an unsympathetic audience in the Prussian Diet. Beyond renewing the statement that the government is determined to continue its Polish policy, the prince was unable to adduce any new arguments or to bring convincing proof of the necessity of the proposed expropriation. Public opinion generally regards the bill as not only superfluous but from the budget point of view, positively foolhardy. The provocative tendency of the speech will furthermore be increased by the new association and public meetings' bill which is to be laid before the Reichstag this session. The most important provision of this act is that in Germany all public meetings must be conducted in the German language, which is obviously tantamount to the muzzling of freedom of speech in Poland.

The Military Scandal

But the difficulties of the chancellor's position are not wholly monetary. The result of the military scandal, despite vigorous efforts to hush up an affair which was never intended to go so far, are assuming proportions which only history will be able accurately to appraise. One thing, however, is as clear as day. The presence in the immediate entourage of the monarch of men, of whom scandal repeated the things said about Prince Eulenburg, Count William Hehenau and Gen. von Moltke, argues a serious hitch in the state organization reflecting to some extent on the chancellor, "the principal servant of his master," as Bismarck loved to call himself. This view even the most ardent bloc supporters have not hesitated to express in the newspapers, and it is certain that political considerations will not be allowed to stand in the way of a thorough investigation of the excesses which the Harden trial brought to light. Already that iron broom has begun its work. Several high military officers have fortified their positions for lacking the moral courage to report in the proper quarter what seems circumstantially proved to have been generally known in military circles.

This flood of resignation and dismissals clears up much that gave food for idle speculation as to the Emperor's prolonged stay in the Isle of Wight. The Kaiser is ill, but not in body. Recent events have profoundly distressed him; he was sick at heart, too sick to throw off a heavy cold contracted at the autumn manoeuvres and would fain withdraw himself from the court atmosphere until the air had been purified. But in the profound upheaval which has followed on the acquittal of Herr Harden in the previous trial, the military aspect is not the only one. The whole question of the state of public morality in Germany has to be faced, and the hope is expressed that not at least energetic steps will be taken against the pestilence with which, sometimes under the guise of scientific work, sometimes of art, and sometimes—save the mark—of humor, the length and breadth of the country is flooded.

Legal Procedure Antiquated.

The first Harden trial showed that the legal procedure must be reformed, and that thoroughly. The pre-supposition of guilt which allows the accused to be browbeaten as a scoundrel before his guilt is proved, yet gives him all license to adduce evidence in support of his innocence, thereby placing the plaintiff's honor in the hands of the judge, must be abolished. The defects of the German libel law stand in close relation to the undiminished frequency of duels, and, if only on this account, imperatively demand immediate reform.

Twice recently did Prince Bulow, ably seconded by the eloquence of the Prussian War Minister, take occasion to defend the authorities against the charge of negligence in fulfilling their duties with regard to the accusations against Count William Hoheau and Count Lynar. The Centrist leader, Herr Spahn, by idly generalizing on the moral state of the smart cavalry regiments, gave Gen. von Einem a splendid opportunity to obscure the issue before the house by a fervid peroration in defence of the morals of the German army. "Nothing was proved against anybody," was the burden of his impassioned harangue. Unfortunately the war minister allowed his indignation to take the form of a defence of the particular officers who have been denounced throughout the country for the last month. His hearers appeared to believe that the proofs hitherto adduced of the happenings in the Life Guards at Potsdam could not be wiped out by the negative arguments of one who wore the same coat as the accused. They were more inclined to think that one gallant general was insufficiently informed than to accept his presentation of the case. Already there are indications that the bloc leaders will have a great deal more to say in the matter.

Visit to England

Only perhaps in the field of foreign policy is consulation to be found for Prince Bulow. The visit to England was a great success, and its immediate effect, which is to slacken the political tension all round, will bring welcome relief to the Wilhelmstrasse. Domestic afafirs for the present at any rate compel acquaintance in the Anglo-Russian treaty. This, it is declared, in nowise affects those commercial interests which, as all German statesmen unanimously assert, are ever dearer to Germany than political considerations. And so, in one of the five speeches which the chancellor delivered before the public tribune, he found good-natured agreement. His coolly guarded references to the actual state of affairs in Morocco point to the existence of difficulties with the French government on the indemnity question. The question of the compensation of those subjects of European powers who have suffered by the French operations in Morocco or at the hands of the indigenous population has already been satisfactorily settled with all Powers except Germany. People here, however, are beginning to realize that, as Monsieur Sembat pointed out the other day in the Paris Humanite, if Germany interdicted the French invasion of Morocco from the sea, she has nilly-willy suffered the "peaceful penetration" the land side.

INFORMATION TABLOIDS.

You'll Know More Than You Did Before After You Have Read These Paragraphs.

In a good piano there is a mile of steel wire.

In Norway dried seaweed is freely used as fuel.

The Tsar is atalented musician, as also is the Tsaritsa.

A good glove-cutter will make as much as $100 a week in Paris.

In Iceland men and women are in all respects political equals.

Puy-de-Dome, an extinct volcano in France, yields large supplies of varbolic acid.

Tourists are bringing home beautiful bottles made from the lava of Vesuvius.

Germany and Austria have between them 150 schools wholly devoted to teaching cooking.

In New South Wales nearly 2,000,000 acres of barren land have made fertile acres of barren land have been fertile by irrigation.

White horses are now excluded from the German army the use of smokeless powder making them too conspicuous.

The king of the Belgians goes in daily terror of assassination.

Employees in salt works scarcely ever get cholera or scarlet fever.

Austria has passed a new law, compelling every possessor of a vote to use it.

The hide of an ox yields 35 lbs. of leather; that of a horse gives less than 20 lbs.

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Shoes
"Except All-America."
Boys' Overcoats
Boys' Suits
Boys' Underwear
Boys' Stockings
Boys' Toques
Boys' Caps
Handkerchiefs
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All other goods not mentioned here, except Rubber goods, 20 per cent. off.

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